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OR,

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### Signor Belzoni.

We have several times spoken of Signor Belzoni, an Italian, who had been engaged in Antiquarian Researches in Egypt. We find that he is not the learned and accomplished man of that name of whom we gave some account, on the discussion of the subject of his removing the head of Memnon some time ago, but a person whom we had an opportunity of seeing at Cairo, in the year 1815, when he was introduced to us, as a mechanist and experimentalist, who having exhibited his feats in the theatres and public places of Europe with great applause, was desirous of coming to India, to exhibit his performances, among which we distinctly remember that *rope-dancing* and *sleight-of-hand* were enumerated!!

Mr. Babington, of the Madras Civil Service, who was with us at the time, and present at the interview, joined in advising Mr. Belzoni not to risk a voyage to India on such an errand, as he would there find himself eclipsed by the jugglers of the country, who were very celebrated, besides which his employment would exclude him from all reputable, not to say genteel society; and this was urged with so much earnestness, that Mr. Belzoni appeared to be moved, and his determination to be changed by the advice.

Mrs. Belzoni, who, say the Quarterly Reviewers, was engaged in excavating the Great Sphinx near the Pyramids, while her husband was in Upper Egypt, and who, we understood, was an English lady's maid, was at Cairo at the same period. She was not present at this interview, however, which consisted of Mr. Boghoz the Chief Interpreter of the Pasha, Mr. Burekhardt, the justly lamented Traveller in Africa, whose death happened soon after, Mr. Schutz, a Cairo merchant, Mr. Benjamin Babington of the Madras Civil Service, and the writer of this article. The meeting took place on the 4th of Nov. 1815, just after Mr. Belzoni's arrival in Egypt, and during our passage through that country from India.

The appearance of Mr. Belzoni, as well as his manners, during this short interview, made so deep an impression on our minds, as to occasion him to be frequently the subject of conversation after we left him; but from the nature of his former pursuits, and his avowed object of visiting India for the purposes he described, we did not conceive this could have been the person spoken of as employed by the British Museum to collect antiquities in Egypt, particularly as there was another person of the same name, well known in the Mediterranean, and celebrated for his learning, antiquarian and classical, as well as modern, and in every respect the character that one would light on as fitted for the task.

The following short notice from the last Number of the Quarterly Review, sets this question, however, entirely at rest, and explains all that was before doubtful. After the interesting article on Mr. Cavaglia's Discoveries in Egypt, which we published in a late Literary Number, the Reviewers say—

"We have a few words to add respecting Belzoni, whose death has been announced, prematurely we hope, in the public prints. Every inquiry which we have been able to make leads us to believe that the report is not correct; it was brought from Constantinople, and most probably meant to refer to the lamented Burekhardt: we trust therefore, that it is not yet time to insert his name in the obituary of those valuable men who have lost their lives in the hazardous career of African enterprise. Our readers may, perhaps, not be displeased to learn a little of the history of this extraordinary man. Belzoni was born, we believe, in the Papal states. Of his youth no particulars have come to our knowledge; but about nine years ago he was in Edinburgh, where he exhibited feats of strength, experiments in hydraulics, musical glasses, and phantasmagoria.

He repeated the same course of experiments in Ireland and the Isle of Man; whence he proceeded to Lisbon. Being then about twenty-five years of age, of the extraordinary height of six feet seven inches, well made and stout in proportion, with an animated and prepossessing countenance, he was at once engaged, by the manager of the theatre of San Carlos, to appear in the play of Valentine and Orson, and again, during Lent, in the sacred drama of Sampson; in both of which, by feats of strength and activity, he gained the highest applause. At Madrid he performed before the king and the court. Leaving Spain he proceeded to Malta, where he fell in with Ismael Gibraltar, the agent of the Pasha of Egypt, who persuaded him to visit Cairo. Here the Pasha engaged him to construct a machine for raising water out of the Nile to irrigate his gardens, for which he was to be paid at the rate of 800 piastres (200 rupees) per month, besides a reward, provided it should finally be found to answer the purpose. In the course of three months it was put in operation. The Pasha attended; and three Arabs, with an Irish lad whom Belzoni had brought from Edinburgh, as a servant, were put into the large wheel to walk round and keep it in motion: at the second or third turn the Arabs became giddy and jumped out; the wheel, wanting its counterpoise, flew back, and the Irish servant, in attempting to escape, broke his thigh, and must have been killed, had not Belzoni caught hold of the circumference of the wheel, and, by his extraordinary strength, stopped its motion.

This accident was equivalent to a failure, and Belzoni now determined to try his fortune in search of antiquities in Upper Egypt; but just as he was preparing to depart, Mr. Salt arrived at Cairo. This gentleman, on the representation of Sheikh Ibrahim, who had witnessed his extraordinary powers, conceived him at once to be the person most proper to employ in the arduous attempt of bringing down the head of the young Memnon from Thebes. Belzoni, after some consideration, accordingly relinquished the plan of travelling on his own account, and engaged himself to Mr. Salt and the Sheikh, on an enterprise that was by many deemed hopeless, but which he succeeded in accomplishing (after six months of unremitting exertions) by his uncommon dexterity in the management of the Arab peasantry, by whom alone he was assisted. From this time he was regularly employed by Mr. Salt in making discoveries, the result of which we have already communicated.

An instance of his determined perseverance, and of the confidence which he inspires in others, well deserves to be mentioned. In his Nubian journey, he was accompanied by Mr. Beachey. The front of the temple of Ipsambul, with its colossal statues just raising their gigantic heads above the mass of sand in which the whole front was nearly buried, was too tempting an object to be left unexplored. He immediately engaged a party of natives to set about uncovering it; they laboured at it a few days, making very little progress, when they stopped, alleging, that the feast of Ramadan had commenced, and that it was unlawful to work. The Sheikh, or Agha, who had permitted him to engage these people, corroborated this statement; and it soon appeared that no argument could prevail on them to continue their labour. Belzoni, therefore, with Mr. Beachey and the Irish servant, determined to set about the laborious operation themselves; but they soon discovered that the Agha, to deter them from the further prosecution of the enterprise, had prohibited the supply of provisions of every description, hoping by this measure to induce them to depart, and return the following season to spend more money among his people. Recollecting, however, that they had still remaining in their boat a bag of durrah (millet,) the little party determined to persevere in their work, and after twenty-one days of very severe labour, during which they had nothing but durrah and Nile water to live upon; they succeeded in uncovering and penetrating into the interior of the temple."

### Alcedo's America.

Having learnt that a few copies of this excellent work have been transmitted to India, and conceiving that its merits are not generally known, we have deemed it an object of sufficient interest to devote a page or two of our Journal to direct the attention of those who desire to possess the best, the most copious, and the most authentic information regarding the New World, to this able work, as furnishing without exception the fullest account of every thing hitherto known of that vast and interesting portion of our globe.

There are few persons in the present day, in any country, and still fewer in India than elsewhere, who will venture upon the purchase of a large work in four quarto volumes without some previous acquaintance with its merits, or the general character it bears; and when the work itself is not immediately before them, it will be useful, and perhaps acceptable to them to be furnished with some slight idea of its nature. This cannot be more faithfully or more effectually done, than by giving the outlines of its history, the motives of the writer in first executing the task, and of the translator in rendering it more accessible to his countrymen, which we transcribe from the prefatory Address of the latter, as prefixed to the work itself:

"The writers of every age have been inclined to represent their own as inferior to those which preceded it. No writer of the present day, however, can with reason complain that he has been called on either to act in, or to behold, a drama destitute, at least, of incident. The great theatre of human life has for the last fifty years exhibited in rapid succession transactions of such extraordinary novelty, of such perplexing intricacy, of such terrific grandeur, and of such increasing interest, that he must be destitute of feeling as well as of reflection, who is capable of regarding them without an earnest wish to trace them to the causes in which they originated, and to the consequences in which they are likely to terminate. Whichever course he pursues, whether retrograde or prospective, he will find that part of the swelling scene, which has been laid in the old world, much more intelligible and of easier explication than that which is supplied by the new.

In contemplating the former portion of the drama, he will be aided by all the lights which ardent inquiry and unfettered communication have, during a course of many centuries, been able to throw on it. In considering the latter, he will find himself obstructed, not only by the obscurity naturally belonging to his subject, but by that in which the art of man has purposely laboured to involve it. To assist in dispelling this darkness, has been my principal motive for engaging in the work I now offer to the public.

When Buonaparte, in the year 1808, entered Spain, the curtain, as it drew up, discovered, even to the most inattentive spectator, and by no means in the back part of the stage, a view of the transatlantic possessions of that nation. The plot of the piece here so strongly developed the grasping ambition of its chief hero, the baseness of the princes and rulers who ought to have opposed him, and the unstable, though virtuous energies of the betrayed and deserted people, against whom the detestable machinations of both these distinguished parties seemed equally directed, that all mankind, however before divided in their sentiments of the performance, seemed to stand up, and with one common feeling to pronounce their sense of it.

I was, I must confess, not amongst the last to catch the general enthusiasm; and wishing to contribute my mite towards the sacred cause of truth and freedom, I determined to give to my country a work to which my attention had been directed, no less by the commendations it had experienced of learned and judicious friends, than by the public testimony borne to its merits by the enlightened Editors of the Edinburgh Review. To this end, I immediately entered upon an elaborate study of the Spanish language, with which my acquaintance had then been the effects of only a few weeks application, and before the lapse of two months from the period of my first resolution, began the translation of Alcedo's Dictionary.

It was mentioned in my Prospectus, and ought to be recorded here, that the original was published at Madrid, in 1787, by Colonel Don Antonio de Alcedo, a native of America, in five small quarto volumes, by a large subscription of the most respectable characters in the state, and that its merits were its only condemnation; for that the very true and accurate information it contained was looked upon with an eye of such jealousy by the Spanish Government, as to have caused its immediate suppression by the Supreme Power. The copies which escaped were very few; I found,

after many enquiries, that a very small number, not supposed to exceed five or six, were existing in this kingdom, and the late endeavours to procure any from the continent have always been unsuccessful, even when attempted by official pursuit, and at an unlimited expense.

Whatever is good in the original, I confidently assure the Public, will be found in the translation, for (with the exceptions mentioned in the advertisement published in the First Volume, namely, in some cases of evident errata) I have faithfully given the whole text. To this I have added much new matter, drawn, all of it, from the best sources extant, and a great portion of it from those of the most unquestionable authority; but of the nature and extent of the additions made to Alcedo's Work I shall presently speak more fully, whilst, for an account of the indefatigable exertions of that author, I feel I cannot do better than to refer the reader to his own Preface.

The invasion of Spain has led, as I conceived it would, to the confusion of its authors; and though it has not yet been attended with all the good to that nation, or to the world in general, which I fondly hoped it might it must yet be inevitably pregnant with mighty, and I trust most salutary, effects. These are chiefly to be looked for in the western hemisphere; and if the work I now offer to the public can, in the smallest degree, help to produce them, I shall think my labours amply rewarded. I well know that the writer of a Dictionary, whether of words or things, is aptly considered but as the drudge of science, the mere pioneer of literature. With this humble character I shall be well satisfied if I shall, in any degree, have helped to clear the way for the Philanthropist, the Patriot, the Philosopher, the Statesman, or the Merchant, and supplied them in their several capacities with the materials either for thought or action.

If I may stand excused for having thus far explained my views in undertaking the work in question, and for exhibiting to the Public the general plan on which it has been founded, it will be both necessary and becoming in me to shew the sources from whence I have chiefly derived the materials by which the superstructure has been raised. These are acknowledgments which I shall have peculiar pleasure in making, not only in justice and gratitude to my authorities, but in my deference to the claims of my readers, and in gratification of my own feelings."

Here the Author goes on to quote almost all the works that have ever been written on the subject of America, which he appears to have examined with a diligence and zeal not to be surpassed—and his reading comprises every thing of value, from the earliest accounts of America, down to Travels of Lewis and Clarke across the northern continent, the excellent work of Humboldt on Mexico and the countries around the Isthmus of Darien, and Southey's History of Brazil, the most modern and the most popular books on these countries. The celebrated Treatise of Dr. Colquhoun on the Resources of the British Empire, the Financial accounts and Papers laid before Parliament, and indeed all the records public or private that could be of service in the compilation of the work, have been made use of to ensure its accuracy and perfection.

These are the motives with which the Translator has been actuated in bringing this valuable work before the English public—and these the authorities he has consulted in order to enlarge and improve it.—It will be satisfactory, however, to add the Declaration of Alcedo himself on the same subject, though this ought perhaps to have preceded as being of prior date. They will serve to shew together how vast were the advantages enjoyed by both, and how laboriously each availed himself of them, to accomplish their great undertaking.

"The history of America and the West Indies, says Alcedo, has been for some time an object of the study and interest of all European nations, from the desire of information concerning the geography, navigation, customs, and productions of those parts, and for the sake of encouraging commerce between the Old World and a country considered as the very fountain of riches. Hence it is that foreigners have dedicated themselves to writing and publishing on this subject whatsoever they knew or could collect; procuring from Spain all the histories and treatises which had been already made by the natives and the first discoverers and conquerors of those regions: in so much, that books which were heretofore common, and in no estimation, are now scarcely to be obtained at any price.

What has in no small degree contributed to the connection between the Old and New Worlds, is the introduction of certain American productions into the former, which through luxury have been



rendered indispensable, such as cacao, cochineal, tobacco, vicuna wool, &c.; as also, for their specific medicinal virtues, bark, Jalap, zarzaparilla, calaguala, cauchaguala, and the balsams of Tolu, Maria, Canime, &c. not to be found in any other part.

These, it appeared to me, were sufficient reasons for requiring an universal history of America, which might contain every thing worthy of note, as well in its civil, natural, and ecclesiastical relations, as in its geography, productions, commerce, navigation, and interests with European powers: but being well aware of the difficulty of combining such information, it seemed to me more advisable to reduce it to the form of a Dictionary.

A publication of this nature could never have been completed by the labour of an individual; but being aware that this timidity might ever operate as an insuperable obstacle to its execution, I determined, by the advice of a person of superior talents and intelligence, to be the first to lay the foundation, at least, of the undertaking; being, however, at the same time, somewhat instigated by the reflection, that I had myself visited many parts of America and the West Indies; and that I could avail myself of some most exact and important information in the *viva voce* communications of a minister, [probably the M. R. P. Fr. Pedro Gonzalez de Aguiros, Franciscan missionary in the Archipelago of Chiloe], who having filled several of the highest offices in those countries for the space of upwards of forty years, had acquired a very uncommon stock of valuable knowledge, so as to have obtained at court the title of the "Oracle of America;"—a title, for the justification of which, it was only necessary to refer to the vast number of public documents and decrees which have been drawn up by him for the Council of the Indies, and to the variety of works he has written, independent of those which have been published, and have met with general applause and estimation. In short, it is from such sources, as well as from a vast library of Indian books and papers, that I have found materials to labour incessantly for the space of twenty years, without other intermission than such as was called for by the duties of my profession; though even then, each trifling interval I could spare was devoted to my principal object.

The work being finished, I could not yet prevail upon myself to bring it to light, convinced that it must necessarily have many defects, although unknown to myself. It was then that the advice of a person of superior judgment, and a well founded confidence in the protection of the public, overcame my scruples, and I was persuaded to offer it at least as a foundation, whereon something more noble might afterwards be erected; in the same manner as has occurred with regard to the dictionaries of Moreri, Vosgien, and La Martiniere, and many others, which, having been at first very defective, became enlarged and rendered complete by the labour of many. In this state of the business there came to my hands a Geographical Dictionary of South America, written in Italian by the Ex-Jesuit D. Juan Domingo Coletti, who had lived for some years in the province of Mainas; also a Dictionary of North America, in English, with the title of "American Gazetteer;" and it immediately occurred to me that my own was now no further necessary: but having examined them both, I became persuaded that they were rather a reason why I should publish this; since, without robbing them of any just merit, and remembering too, that each of them was confined to the descriptions of certain provinces, they possess by no means the same extent of information as this, as may be seen by referring to the letter A, which, in neither of those books, exceeds an hundred articles; whereas the same letter in my dictionary contains upwards of a thousand, [and in this translation more than 1700.] But the principal cause which fixed me in my resolution was the recollection that I was treating of a country, in one of the best towns of which, I with pride and gratitude acknowledge myself to have been born; and I do at the same time candidly allow, that I have made a free use of the two dictionaries just spoken of, as well in adding to, as in correcting the many articles I had already written.

Whoever shall consider with impartiality the troublesome investigation of more than three hundred Indian volumes, the confusion and little exactness in many, and the difficulty and labour of conciliating opposite opinions, and extracting the naked truth, will, I doubt not, make some allowance for the defects they may find; and all I hope is, that they may have the goodness to apprise me of them whenever they shall think them worthy of emendation; when, so far from being mortified, I shall feel the most lively gratitude for their attention, stating their communications to the public, that they may not be defrauded of the merit to which they may be entitled. This, in truth, is the rational way of contributing to the public weal,

and not the plan, as adopted by some, of endeavouring to find out diminutive errors, for the sake of satisfying their capriciousness, or of gaining the reputation of being wise, though fortunately the contrary be generally the effect of their labours.

Some will observe that there are many articles very small and scanty of information: to this I answer, that my first object was only to have given a history of the kingdoms, provinces, capitals, and rivers of note; but that I afterwards included an account of the lesser settlements and rivers, concerning which there is for the most part but little to say, although there be a great advantage in knowing all their names and their relative distances. I have suppressed quoting, at the end of each article, the author from whom the principal information may have been extracted, in order to avoid a useless and troublesome repetition; and in as much as I thought it would be preferable to give, at the end of the book, a list of the authors who have written upon the subject in question, after the plan of the celebrated Don Nicolas Antonio; and also, by way of appendix, another dictionary, or alphabetical list of the provincial terms and foreign names of the fruits, trees, animals, &c.

I have now only to add, that whatsoever information is read in this dictionary, concerning a town, its number of inhabitants of any class, the existence of convents, forts, &c. is relative to the state in which those countries were in the time in which those authors wrote, from whom the extracts are made; not but that I have in very many instances acquired the most recent information; and although I may regret that I may have sometimes stood in need of certain accounts, documents, and papers, in the hand of government, or which might be even lying in the cabinets of the curious; yet, as they were still unpublished, and not within my reach, I have been forced to content myself with such as have either passed through the press, or my good fortune and diligent research have thrown into my way."

When to all these advantages the sources and labours of Mr. Thomson, the Translator, be added, it will be sufficiently understood that a Work formed of such materials and by such men must be exceedingly valuable.

## Masonic Eloquence.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

If you think the enclosed Masonic Address, lately forwarded to me from America, deserving a place in your valuable Journal, you will oblige me by giving it insertion. It is very true that Literature is not much patronised in America; yet whatever may have been written against the Americans in Mr. Fearon's recent publication, (which, by the bye, is not applicable to the character of one-third of the population of that flourishing country,) the study of Literature and the Arts is cultivated to a great extent; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if the fostering hand of patronage was extended to it with the same munificence as in England, America would soon free herself from the odium cast on her by the writers of the mother country.

AN AMERICAN,

Calcutta, )  
July 9, 1819. }

Who loves Truth, his Country, and the English.

## MASONIC ADDRESS,

Delivered at Wiscasset, before Lincoln Lodge, on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, A. L. 5815.

Fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas  
Rapibus excident, scenis decora, alta fatatis.

Virgil.

Narrat ubinde ex historia Josephi Essaeorum vitam religiosorum apud Judaeos, atque philosophorum omnia eos habuisse communia, charitatem mutuum, et abstinentiam, et patientiam ante omnia coluisse; divino cultui semper intentos; adeoque fortes animo, at necari, quam Deum negare, maluerint.

Porphyrius, Libro quarto.

The history of Masonry is connected with the history of the mind. When the Ancient of Days, sitting on a pavilion of darkness, by a mere act of volition created this universe, and as it were, by a flash of his all-seeing eye, gave it you orb of light, the perishable atoms, that were so beautifully united together and moulded into form, only served to demonstrate the infinity of thought and the eternity of spirit.

To trace back among remote ages that particular point of time when masonic fraternities commenced, would neither be easy nor useful. Of the Antediluvian world we know but little; and even since Noah's ark was moored on Ararat, history often stands silent, and tradition becomes obscure. Indeed, when the mind rolls back its thoughts to distant centuries, it seems like wandering without a guide among the dark forests that have towered from generation to generation on the American continent, where imagination grows solemnized, and enterprise itself trembles at the surrounding scenery.

Masonry attracted the eyes of all mankind in Jerusalem, that ancient city of the Hebrew kings. There the warrior David, after the noise of battles had passed by and his enemies were conquered, contemplated building a great temple to God; but his bloody hand was only permitted to delineate the pattern on the *treble-board*, and it was left to the learned leisure of Solomon to execute the mighty work. On this account Solomon was endued with qualifications beyond any man that ever lived. He was the wisest man of all antiquity. His rod of empire extended over a vast population—his treasury was filled with gold and silver and precious stones—and his granaries were replenished with the produce of an exuberant soil. Myriads of brave men, who had acquired laurels in his father's campaigns, were under his eye and devoted to his service. Crowds of curious artificers and cunning workmen came from foreign climes to associate in the undertaking, and enlightened travellers and scholars from abroad then visited Jerusalem as the metropolis of the arts and sciences. In the mean time the rainbow of peace hung over the moral world and increased the beautiful charms of that salubrious climate.

Solomon himself was individually a wonderful person. He astonished not more by the splendour of his diadem and the countless variety of his pleasures, than by an unbounded learning and the fertility of his wit. He could repeat *three thousand Proverbs*, and his *Songs* were a *thousand and five*. He could tell the pedigree of every tree, herb and flower of the field, and relate the natural history of all the inhabitants of the air, the desert, or the deep. A more accomplished man and profound sovereign has never sat on the throne of nations; and Queen Sheba was charmed with his courtly address, while her dark eyes were dazzled by the blaze of his royal genius.

These circumstances are introduced to show the ascendancy of spirit over matter, and how the mysterious operations of thought surpass the muscular motions of the hand. For the *squaring, marking, and numbering* of the stones in the quarry of Zeredathath, and the *felling and fashioning* of the cedar tree on Mount Lebanon, was a mechanical task that could be performed in any age or clime, where the sound of the axe or of the iron tool had ever been heard; but to unite these materials in the beautiful proportions of architecture, and to finish the several apartments of the splendid structure, so that when completed, it resembled the *handiwork of Deity*, required all the *wisdom, strength, and beauty*, that ever ornamented the soul of man. We may imitate what others have done, and practise rules that result from their inventions or discoveries;—but extraordinary genius can only draw an original design or point out a new and untried path to success. Genius seems to be an emanation from the Divine Spirit; for He, who can bend the radiant bow in the clouds, could alone have inspired the philosopher to copy the celestial colours in a *prism*.

Solomon was seven years in erecting this sublime edifice, and during all that time he employed more than 150,000 brethren in the operations. To facilitate the labours of so vast a multitude of artificers, the union of friendship and order, successive degrees of employment and adequate qualifications were required. Therefore, every implement was typical, every lesson emblematical. Secrecy was enforced by signs, diligence rewarded by confidence, and skill encouraged by the *jewels of office*.—Even the Initiates who were bearers of burdens, considered their task as an honour, and as the light of knowledge more and more burst upon their progress, they found each step an higher grade of virtue, and each *working-tool* associated with some maxim for the regulation of their moral conduct. Masonry thus became both *operative and spiritual*. The quarry of stone, from which the external temple was drawn, reminded them of the quarry of thought, from which the internal temple of the mind is derived. The white-leather-apron was a typical badge of purity of heart;—the gavel, the square, and the trowel successively signified beautiful precepts to prepare and polish the intellectual furniture. The rounds of the ladder were a figurative representation of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the very nourishment of the body, the corn, wine, and oil, denoted peace, plenty, and

joy, so essential to human happiness. Types and figures, parables and allegories, have been deemed in all ages the most agreeable manner of illustrating fine maxims and impressing them deeply on the heart. Truth never charms us more than in the beautiful garment of fiction. Masonry in presenting sensible images to the eye, paints her lessons on the mind. The lofty columns—the guarded portals—the winding flight of steps—and the great dome itself,—produced a grandeur of sentiment and love of virtue in those travelling to the east; and the sublime scenery urged the soul to look beyond the royal arch, yea, beyond the blue canopy of this world, to the Lodge of eternal light and never-ending felicity. Even the *spring of cassia* reminded those who wept over a departed brother that the ascended spirit was only gone to flourish in a happier country!

In this manner did our ancient brethren improve their apprenticeship in the masonic university. The architecture of the mind rose up, as the hand of strength erected the pillars of the edifice on Mount Moriah; and when the wonderful fabric was completed, and the illustrious fraternity were separated, each individual could carry his glory, knowledge, and accomplishments, to other countries. Spiritual masonry was kept alive by an universal language of communication, and men of every tongue, complexion, or fortune, if suitably qualified and well recommended, were admitted as members of the noble order. Thus new Lodges were formed and the royal art spreading over the whole world from the east to the west, descended through the different generations of men and gradations of society to the present time.

Yes! even our humble Lodge, in this remote corner of a new continent, presents to the reflecting eye a sweet miniature of the grand temple of King Solomon. Though the splendid edifice on Mount Moriah, with all its glory and its decorations, and with all the myriads of men who built it, has vanished for ever—passing away like a dream of the morning! perhaps a few miserable fugitives from tyranny now wander on the hallowed ground in Palestine where it stood. But it is literally true, not one stone is there left upon another; reminding us of a pathetic passage in an Italian poet,

"Cities fall, empires decay, yet man mourns because he is mortal."

Amid the fluctuations of time, and the desolations of war, the *key stone* of the mind has still supported the *arc* of the spiritual temple; and while the evanescent labours of the hand perish—while the *silver cord is loosened* and the *pitcher at the fountain*, the moral principles of masonry survive, charming as ever and renovated by the improvements of science.

During that awful period of the world, so emphatically called the dark ages—when for several centuries ignorance, barbarity, and despotism spread a gloomy mantle over the globe, even then, in the thickest atmosphere that hovered over mind, Masonry like a glimmering lamp, threw its congenial rays on the breasts of a few faithful brethren. Indeed that period seemed like the millennium of misery; for the vast hordes of Huns and Goths, and Vandals, pouring down the Danube, landed on the shores of the Roman empire and swept away the remains of former magnificence in the fatal rapidity of their march. Too gross to be lured by luxuries, too rapacious to spare the workmanship of genius, they pointed the sword to the hearts of the learned, and the torch to the volumes of antiquity. The civilized world soon presented a terrible panorama of ruins! Scarcely could the pilgrim scholar preserve his life by melancholy silence and the poverty of his pursuits. Still the exiled sons of Masonry adhered to the mystery of their order—till the sun of science, which had set behind the Gothic rubbish, dawned on the fraternity of the Medici, relumed the horizon of the mind, and burst forth in the emancipation of Europe with an orient splendour, never, I trust, to be obliterated again. The days of chivalry were at hand. At that era the great painter and architect Raphael appeared. He was succeeded by Michael Angelo; and in designing the church of St. Peter, they have left in Rome a memorable proof of the gigantic outlines of their masonic genius. Their pencil shone with full glory on the canvas or the *treble-board*. And when we think of these immortal brothers, we must lament that the fugitive operations of the hand were not sometimes relieved from the desolating footsteps of Time. St. Peter's is still triumphant; but this proud monument of papal splendour must one day crumble into dust!

In reviewing the history of Masonry in connexion with that of the mind, delightful would be the task of carrying the imagination for a moment to the Mediterranean Isles and the shady shores of Greece. There, with the muse of minstrelsy by our side,



we might contemplate the spots of never ending renown—the academic groves, the theatre of the Olympian games—the plains of the Peloponnesian or Persian wars—the consecrated hills and fountains of poetry—the extremity of Leucate from which the Lesbian Sappho threw herself into the sea, and the promontory of Sunium in Attica, on whose brow was an ancient temple, and at whose feet the Mediterranean billows still roll loud as ever. On this height, in a thunder-storm, Plato once stood, and casting his eyes over the fiery heavens above, and the angry waves beneath, reasoned to his disciples, on man, the universe, and the Spirit of eternity. More particularly would we direct our attention to the Isle of Samos, the birth-place of the friend of wisdom; and then to Crotona, where he established the most celebrated school of which there are any annals. I mean the Pythagorean. Pythagoras, whose modesty only claimed the title of philosopher, or friend of wisdom, was perhaps the most learned scholar and profound mason in the Gentile world. He was only inferior to Solomon himself.

In recalling this great and good man to our recollection, we cannot avoid an uncommon enthusiasm at the sublimity of his character and the purity of his principles. He seems to have been the peculiar favourite of Heaven. Most of the other philosophers of Greece had some warm passion or vicious propensity that polluted the company of their virtues. Pythagoras was a mason and had none. He trod the passions under his feet. Vice, folly, and impiety, trembled at the ascendancy of his spirit. So commanding was his deportment, so elevated was his genius, that the portrait of his character, which astonished at a distance by its bold outlines, seemed to brighten into new beauty by a more intimate inspection of its parts. Few men appear great in their familiar conversation and domestic pursuits.—The mantle of glory, which may cover them in public, there waves aside and often betrays all the nakedness of humanity frailty. But this philosopher could not be approached in his most private life, without exciting that awe which irresistibly attends a superior personage.

Pythagoras, having established his reputation when a young man at the Olympic games, visited the polite cities and learned men abroad. He passed several years in the mysterious chambers of Egyptian Priesthood, accomplished himself in the different degrees of Masonry, and returned to his native Islands. There the arm of a tyrant was stretched out, and by a voluntary exile he determined to fix his residence at Crotona in Italy. He soon reformed the dissolute manners of the citizens of that place, and young men of distinction flocked from foreign countries to become his pupils. He taught them to worship the Supreme Being alone, and to subdue the appetites and desires by right temperance. Their union was cemented by brotherly love, while each one sought knowledge as the charm of adversity and the ornament of prosperity. In this school of the arts and sciences, in this fraternity of the virtues, many distinguished commanders, statesmen, and scholars received their education. Epaminondas was a follower—who is justly called the greatest general of ancient times, and whom our beloved Grand-Master, Washington, so much resembled. Indeed, the instructors of youth in all countries are among the most important members of society, for at school the future character is moulded to virtue; and that sage who teaches to command his own passions, and to discipline the forces of his own mind, fits him to bear the helmet or the sceptre with glory, and prepares him to honour any office or station this transitory world can bestow. Pythagoras, in his golden verses for the guidance of the conduct, pointed out a review of each day's actions at night upon the pillow, that errors might be avoided and rapid improvements realized. He enlarged music, geometry, and the science of numbers, and inculcated a belief that the sun is the centre of the system; which, though repeatedly denied by some astronomers, is now confirmed by demonstration.

Such was one of the ancient pillars of the masonic art. More than two thousand years have rolled away in the stream of time since he appeared. And while the retrospection sickens at the horrid music of war and groans of misery—while humanity weeps over the gloomy scenes of depravity—of conflagration—and of blood—which have signalized successive empires, imagination loves to rest its wearied thoughts at Crotona, and contemplate that ascendant figure whose mild and persuasive voice taught the lesson of peace, affection, and wisdom, to an assembly of enchanted disciples.

In this tour into the remote realms of literature, we might touch at Alexandria and Syracuse, where dwelt two great masters of the royal art, Euclid and Archimedes—mathematicians whom Newton only could surpass. But the sands of the hour-glass are fast dropping down.

Euclid established a learned Lodge. His demonstrations are now used as a classic in every university, to guide the youth into the labyrinth of geometry. Archimedes invented a new kind of artillery to defend the capital of Sicily against the invading navy of Marcellus; and when that generous warrior heard that he was slain after the city was taken, by one of his own soldiers, because he wished to complete the solution of a problem before he would rise to follow the sword, he wept over the untimely loss of so much mind, and raised a monument to his memory. Singular accounts are transmitted to posterity of his mechanical genius; and his burning glasses were derided as a fiction till Newton proved the fact. Most of his writings are lost. Indeed, war often wipes away the impressions of art from the face of the earth with as little concern, as the finger would blot out the pencilled marks on a schoolboy's book!

Pardon me, my brethren, for plunging into these shadowy regions of departed glory. These particulars are offered to evince how Masonry has flourished. In the archives of the world we have some of the most exalted men recorded that ornament the pages of fame. It is pleasing too, to offer a tribute of respect to ancient worthies; though of late years it has grown fashionable to ridicule every philosopher and scholar of antiquity, because we live in the full sun-shine of religion. Some warm sectarians would tell you, it is profane to praise them, and therefore they will blacken their reputation. This only shows a depraved taste and the narrow prejudices of a narrow intellect; for the more the illustrious scholars of the heathen world excite our admiration, the more will the wonderful system of Christianity command our astonishment at its own purity and perfection.

However learned in the time of Pythagoras, or splendid in the days of Solomon, Masonry might appear, yet it never claimed the respect of mankind so much as at that interesting epoch when a star was seen in the east, and St. John came forward as an herald from the wilderness to declare the glad tidings of salvation to all men. He was followed by St. John the Evangelist, that beloved disciple who leaned on the bosom of our Saviour, and who afterwards immortalized the Isle of Patmos by the Apocalypse. There did the beautiful temple of Solomon, whose material form was overwhelmed and destroyed, rise up renewed and brilliant, to cheer the soul. It rose, not from the marble quarry nor from the cedar grove; but, from the spirit within. There it appeared in vision of the city of God!

Let none think it profanity to indulge this transporting opinion. All well-governed Lodges in a Christian country regard the New as well as the Old Testament as the rule and guide of faith. No important labour is ever performed at our meetings until the holy volume is opened, and some of the divine precepts read from the *Oriental chair*. Prayers too, are offered up to the foundation of light. Brethren, you can here remember an awful mystery which is emblematical of a future event—even of the resurrection, of the resurrection of the body! but the curtain drops. The drawn sword of the Tyler at the door will flash upon the eye of inquisitive curiosity.

While my unskilful hand has drawn such a picture of the royal art, perhaps some are ready to join the crowd of unenlightened opponents, and denounce our motives as visionary and our conduct as insincere. They judge of the form by the shadow it casts behind. Their objections have been answered on former anniversaries with more ability and eloquence than he who now has the honour to address you can command.

Bad men it is true, notwithstanding the most rigid scrutiny of their character, may have found admission into a Lodge; for we pretend not to read the hearts of men. Even the Arch-fiend of hell, according to the story of the poet, once deceived the guardian angel of Paradise by assuming the port of a smiling cherub. Good men too, may have fallen from masonic virtue, because the hour of temptation came and the flesh was weak. False speculations have erected false edifices on the sand, like the builders of Babel, darning with untempered mortar; but their light went out and they were scattered in the confusion of their signs, while the immutability of truth has triumphed over their ruins. Principles may be pure, and yet the practice of them often inconsistent; how many virtuous resolutions are made to-day and broken ever to-morrow's sun goes down. How many repentant tears over error, are hallowed by repeated transgressions. Indeed, the most pious man on earth will find his whole life a mingled web of sins and repentances.

Why prejudice or suspicion should ever wish to cast any stigma on the white apron appears singular. Masonry sounds no trumpet in the streets to gain admirers—it utters not the persuasive

voice of eloquence to procure proselytes—it never descends to the petty subtleties of disputation to maintain order—it brandishes no weapons of party spirit—and it cherishes no partial and exclusive creed of religion. To walk uprightly, live in the bonds of peace with all men, and ameliorate the sufferings of this sublunary state, is our endeavour. Masonry teaches to frown the cruel tale of slander into silence, and throws the mantle of charity over a brother's frailties. It informs us we should harbour no sour complaints against the times or the seasons, but cultivate those cheerful and benevolent feelings which are the warmest expressions of an heart beating with gratitude to the Author of all our bounties.

Yet with these noble motives for the conduct of life, and with the greatest *silence* and *circumspection* in our deportment, we are often exposed to sorrows and disappointments. The secret detraction of envy, the sly intrigues of ambition, the smiling hints of the cunning, often wound the *faithful breast* of injured merit. Are we borne along on the feeble wing of adversity? Be assured every pretty bird will strive to pluck a feather from our plumage. Are we surrounded by the clouds of trouble? The pride of fortune will distance every approach by neglect. Even the hypocrisy of friends, whom we cherished to our bosom, and believed with all the confidence of a generous disposition, will sometimes start up in its native deformity, and the measure of afflictions will seem too deep for man to bear. These evils however, are the lot of humanity; and while they only depress the undaunted heart for a season, the virtuous mind, collecting and concentrating its own powers like the Norway pine, assailed by the storms of heaven, will gather strength in the trial, and rise superior to the attack.

That the principles of pure Masonry have done much good, cannot be denied. That they can ever do any injury, may be asserted, but cannot be proved. Captives have been released from the dungeon, poverty relieved in the land of strangers,—sickness and sorrows soothed in the hour of tribulation—the widowed bosom and the infant tears of those who mourn a deceased brother, cheered with consolation—and even itself, preserved from the threatening sword by a *masonic sign*. Numberless instances may be adduced of these facts in every quarter of the globe. And even during the late war in some personal combats, where the blood has rushed from the perturbed heart to arm each muscle in defence, at the soft voice of Masonry, it has returned to its cordial mansion to renew its pulsations of joy, peace, and safety. Memory here pauses to shed a tear over Lawrence; and it will ever awaken melancholy, yet pleasing emotions when we think of a sympathizing *fraternity* with a long procession of warriors in Halifax, paying the last masonic honours at his tomb. Lawrence received his death-wound, when the ground-tier of the Chesapeake was rolling its awful thunders in the ear of Britain; and the laurels that were afterwards claimed by the enemy were darkened by the funeral cypress of our gallant Brother!

It has often been asked, why woman, whose milder virtues and more refined manners would ennoble any society, has never met in the *masonic hall*, and sat down to hear the sublime lectures of the *art*. We would reply, she is destined for the softer scenes of life. The genius of Masonry, though it cannot take her by the hand and lead her into the magic circle of our mysteries, still hovers over her head and is ever ready to protect, smooth, and gladden the path in which she moves. And however pleasing are the accomplishments of fairy fingers, and irresistible the fascination of beautiful eyes, yet the spirit of our *ancient order* inspires a still higher regard for her domestic and amiable qualities.

In surveying the history of Masonry and of the mind, there is an uncommon delight at the prospect of this new empire of the United States. Here every thing has risen into existence as though the wand of enchantment had been extended. What wonderful improvements have been made within a few short years? villages have been planted on the banks of rivers where once the pine, and the oak, and the elm waved their flourishing branches over the watry mirror—where the fox, and the bear, and the wolf once prowled in the thicket, the little child now plays at pastime on the green common—where the miry swamp once threatened to entomb the hunter, the beautiful fair now promenades on the firm cause-way—where the wild-brier and the black-berry bush once grew, the flowery garden now fills the air with fragrance, and the fruit-tree shades the ground with blossomed foliage—and where once the water was scarcely ruffled by the birch canoe in which the Indian Chief with his squaw and pappoose paddled along the margin of the shore, the returning mariner now furls the sail and prepares to leave the stately ship at her moorings. Some of these changes have taken place within memory of the aged. When the great

Columbus set sail from the old world in discovery of this western continent, the incredulity of the Spaniards laughed his sound reasonings to scorn, and almost denounced him as a fanatic. But after dangers and sufferings that would appal any common man, he saw the green isles of Bahama rising as it were, from the ocean to salute his approach. What would the Ancients have thought, who considered all beyond the pillars of Hercules as a boundless roaring of the waves, if some prophet had pointed out this future event and the nativity of a great nation so soon to follow it? Why, it would have seemed equally improbable with the prospect of a balloon now finding out a path to the planets, or a turnpike to the inhabitants of some fixed star. Yet we realize this discovery of Columbus. Pilgrim liberty and exiled law followed his enterprising soul, and a nation grew up like magic, to receive them and cherish them as her own. The noble constitution of our government consolidated by combined suffrages of every member of the community was not more remarkable than the exalted rank our independence suddenly acquired among the kingdoms of the earth. May the confederation of the different States, that protect this empire from invasions, be perpetual. Though contending parties rouse the fire, may they never weep over the *ashes* of freedom!

While every American bosom thus glows in contemplating the gigantic growth of our national improvements and population, the historian will sigh over the records of a rising country where he observes so few profound scholars, or elegant and elaborate authors that have appeared. Universities, academies, and schools of various kinds flourish around us; and when we look over the territory of New-England in particular, and discover groups of literary men in almost every respectable town and village, it is painful to reflect that fashion has so long watched the favouring gale that wafts so many cargoes of miserable publications from the eastern world. It is true that myriads of newspapers, pamphlets, and abridgments float about in the air; and it is true, there are circulating libraries in profusion, where the untimely productions, of Scott and Southey, and the voluptuous melodies of the immoral Moore, stand ever ready to lead the fancy into the regions of idleness. The mind, however, requires more solid nutriment.

It is but natural to ask the cause, why American literature does not flourish more. In reply it may be observed there is no encouragement given to the solitary labours of the American pen. In this country it is often thought a disgrace not to be rich. Thousands of young men of brilliant talents, whose health and time were devoted to the early pursuits of science, have been afterwards compelled to resign their studies and seek some mercenary occupation for a support. If they dared to unite the ardent efforts of learning, with the detail of common business, and give those intervals of leisure to the cultivation of the mind which others give to the pleasures of the body, perhaps contempt from some quarter would chill the hope of success, and the poverty of their employment would be indicted by public opinion as a crime.

Thus when the walls of the university are left, the doors of science seem to close forever. For the four short years of collegiate life can only reward application with the rough rudiments of general knowledge; and even the transitory honours obtained there, while they inflate the vain and the superficial with the magnitude of their attainments, convince the studious and sensible how little has been really learnt, and how much is yet to be acquired in the intellectual world. Was there not a magic charm in literature that supports the heart in every trial, how dreary would be the prospect in this country, of a life devoted to study and retirement.

No one ought to think however, that we have less *native* genius than the Europeans, because we manufacture less books. Look to the enterprize of the merchant and boldness of the mariner which dares every wind and wave under heaven. Remember how the Atlantic lately reddened with one vast blaze of fire, when our naval heroes met the trident of a thousand years in dread encounter. The American eagle then perched on the standard of victory! If the sword, when roused from the scabbard, gleams with such fatal and terrible coruscation, the pen would no less astonish the world, if a generous nation would encourage its efforts, and kindle the fire of American genius.

On this day, it is peculiarly pleasing to American masons to hail the return of peace to our beloved country, while partaking of the corn, wine, and oil, in commemoration of the holy St. John at Jerusalem. Since we last celebrated this interesting festival, my brethren, it has pleased the Almighty architect to remove many beloved and worthy members of Lincoln Lodge from the mansion of mortality. Sweet is the recollection of virtues in every degree; and remembrance of those who have worn the insignia of office with



honour, is melancholy. When we enter the masonic hall or join the circles of our acquaintance, we no longer meet their cordial smile of congratulation—we no more shake their warm hand of hospitality. In the meridian of life, of health, and of hope, they passed away on the level of time—to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns!—indeed, the memory of all can weep over the departed year; when for a season the sun and moon and the stars were darkened, and the pestilential blast hurried the debilitated frame to the bed of death. Then did many go to their long homes, and the mourners went about the streets!—Alas! says the Theban Pindar, “Man is but the dream of a shadow!”

Though yon blessed orb of day again smiles upon creation, and nature renews her wonted verdure of gladness, while man goeth forth to his labours and his recreations, yet the retrospect of the past teaches us to walk uprightly and be prepared for the future by cultivating the lively hopes of Christian charity. Whatever may be thought of the bloom of health, or strength of muscles, of the merriment of an hour or business of a day, yet our bodies are so delicately, so wonderfully organized, that death will always find ten thousand channels to withdraw the spirit from its abode on earth. Perhaps—at this moment he has fixed his horrid withering eye upon some one in this assembly, and marked his victim; Let us then cherish a humble confidence in heaven, and practise those pious lessons of Christianity, which not only give a relish to the duties of life, but gild the last lingering minute of existence with the hope of a joyful resurrection.

Allow me then to present to your view the portrait of a pious man and upright mason, at that solemn hour when the soul borders on the confines of eternity.

I see him stretched out under the tortures of a consuming sickness. His little children are kneeling at his feet. The tears and sighs of affliction surround him. I approach the bed-side with a soft step, and he gently raises his drooping head on the pillow—but alas! the form, the look, the sweet voice, I once knew at the hospitable home, are gone, for ever gone! his form like the fig-tree in the Evangelist, has withered away—his look is ghastly pale—a bluey tinge stands upon the lip—a dim shade hovers over the eye. Attempting to move his arm, every ligament, every fibre trembling with debility, falls lifeless to its place. His voice, once so gay and cheerful at the fireside, losing its natural tone, sinks to a dying whisper. The lenient balm of medicine had been applied—but it was in vain. It had assuaged, it could not arrest the fury of disease. The hand of Esculapius could have done no more. Through the parted curtains I can just hear him uttering his hopes and exultation—he speaks of the world of spirits—he reasons on justice, temperance, and a judgment to come. I hear him say, it seems as though the music of ministering angels was near—as though the capacities of the soul were enlarging, and an ineffable light was more and more bursting on his vision from above. It is silent. He ceases to whisper.—He looks a fond farewell—I see his features at this sacred moment—see his eye—it brightens for the last time, as the soul takes her flight—and he is changed in a twinkling! a smile is left upon his face of celestial composure—a smile, that would be the last remnant of what he once was, corruption could seize—a smile that tells us not to mourn too much, for he would hereafter be as an angel when the heavens and the earth are no more!

The progress of the royal art in this western world is peculiarly interesting. Nearly a century passed since the Grand Lodge was instituted in America, at the metropolis of this State, and so rapid has been the increase of the different branches of the masonic family, that a brother would now find the blazing star reflected in every part of the hemisphere. Some distinguished masons too have been recorded in our annals.

When the angel of glory on Charlestown heights turned away his eye from the mangled Warren,\* whose garments were literally rolled in blood, he beheld in his wardrobe, the white apron, an emblem of the purity of his heart, and of his undaunted firmness in the cause of humanity! on the spot where he fell, a masonic monument is consecrated to his memory.

Often has a brother delighted to touch the hand of Franklin—that hand which first drew the lightning from the clouds and assigned it to the caverns of the earth.

\* Many splendid luminaries must inevitably be passed by in the concise limits of an address. However, the death of the late eminent and beloved Dr. John Warren we cannot omit in silence. He was a mason. He poured the oil and wine into the wounds of the unfortunate. We all know too well the sympathizing tenderness of the kind Physician to require an apology for their remark.

In what manner, my brethren, can we speak of our Great Grand Master, the immortal Washington: As a warrior, how illustrious—a patriot, how pure—a statesman, how comprehensive—and a mason, how elevated was his conduct! With his name is associated the memory of the days of Greece and of Rome; imagination is carried back to ancient times, and the shapes of Fabius Maximus, Scipio Africanus, Phocion and Epaminondas rise up at his presence. If we follow his august figure to the tessellated pavement of the masonic hall, he seems to pause on the beautiful border; arrayed in the garment of purity, with all the honours of this world glittering upon his breast, while his finger points to that distant degree in the Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides!

Laurels of Fame, whose blossoms never fade  
Hang o'er the Grave, where Washington is laid;  
And while meandering, wide Potomac flows,  
Sweet Cassia mingles with each bud that blows.

### New Poetry.

We have received a copy of Rogers's new and beautiful Poem on Human Life, which has been so favorably spoken of in England, and shall publish it at length on Sunday. In the mean time we have selected the two following pieces, appended to the same volume, and by the same hand, for our poetic page of to-day:

#### THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

In the twelfth century William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the vallies of Craven with fire and sword; and was afterwards established there by his uncle, David King of Scotland.

He was the last of the race; his son, commonly called the Boy of Egremont, dying before him in the manner here related; when a Priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened. That place is still known by the name of the Strid; and the mother's answer, as given in the first stanza, is to this day often repeated in Wharfe-dale.

[See Whitaker's Hist. of Craven.

“Say what remains when Hope is fled.”

She answered, “Endless weeping!”

For in the herds-man's eye she read

Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,  
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;  
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,  
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;  
When near the cabin in the wood,  
In tartan clad and forest-green,  
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,  
The Boy of Egremont was seen.

Blithe was his song, a song of yore,  
But where the rock is rent in two,  
And the river rushes through,

His voice was heard no more!  
’Twas but a step! the gulph he passed.  
But that step—it was his last!  
As through the mist he winged his way,  
A cloud that hovers night and day,  
The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The Master and his merlin too.  
That narrow place of noise and strife  
Received their little all of Life!

There now the matin-bell is rung;  
The “Miserere!” duly sung;  
And holy men in cowl and hood  
Are wandering up and down the wood.  
But what avail they!—Ruthless Lord,  
Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
Here on the young its fury spent,  
The helpless and the innocent.  
Sit now and answer groan for groan,  
The child before thee is thy own,  
And she who wildly wanders there;  
The mother in her long despair,  
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;  
Of those who would not be consoled  
When red with blood the river rolled.

## LINES WRITTEN AT PÆSTUM.

They stand between the mountains and the sea;  
 Awful memorials, but of whom we know not! (a)  
 The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.  
 The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,  
 Points to the work of magic, and moves on.  
 Time was they stood along the crowded street,  
 Temples of Gods! and on their ample steps  
 What various habits, various tongues beset  
 The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!  
 Time was perhaps the third was sought for Justice;  
 And here the accuser stood, and there the accused;  
 And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.  
 All silent now!—as in the ages past,  
 Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round  
 From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,  
 While, by some spell rendered invisible,  
 Or, if approached, approached by him alone  
 Who saw as though he saw not, they remained  
 As in the darkness of a sepulchre,  
 Waiting the appointed time! All, all within  
 Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,  
 And taken to herself what man renounced;  
 No cornice, triglyph, or worm abacus,  
 But with thick ivy hung or branching fern,  
 Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!

From my youth upward have I longed to tread  
 This classic ground.—And am I here at last?  
 Wandering at will through the long porticoes,  
 And catching, as through some majestic grove,  
 Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,  
 Mountains and mountain-gulphs, and, half-way up,  
 Towns like the living rock from which they grew?  
 A cloudy region, black and desolate,  
 Where once a slave withstood a world in arms. (b)

The air is sweet with violets, running wild (c)  
 Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals;  
 Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts, (d)  
 Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,  
 Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,  
 Who ever cam'st to calm his troubled soul,  
 Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,  
 For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds  
 Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slackened her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,  
 These temples, in their splendour eminent  
 Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,  
 Reflecting back the radiance of the west,  
 Well might he dream of Glory!—Now, coiled up,  
 The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf  
 Suckles her young; and, as alone I stand  
 In this, the nobler pile, the elements  
 Of earth and air its only floor and covering,  
 How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs  
 Save the shrill-voiced cigala flitting round  
 On the rough pediment to sit and sing;  
 Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,  
 And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,  
 To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk  
 Seen at his setting, and a flood of light  
 Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,  
 (Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,  
 Across the innumerable columns flung)  
 In such an hour he came, who saw and told,  
 Led by the mighty Genius of the Place. (e)

Walls of some capital city first appeared,  
 Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;  
 —And what within them? what but in the midst  
 These Three in more than their original grandeur,  
 And, round about, no stone upon another?  
 As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,  
 And, turning, left them to the elements.

'Tis said a stranger in the days of old  
 (Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;  
 But distant things are ever lost in clouds)  
 'Tis said a stranger came, and, with his plough,  
 Traced out the site; and Posidonia rose, (f)  
 Severely great, Neptune the tutelard God;  
 A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,  
 And in her haven many a mast from Tyro.  
 Then came another, an unbidden guest,  
 He knocked and entered with a train in arms;  
 And all was changed, her very name and language!  
 The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door  
 Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,  
 Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried "For Pæstum!"  
 And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung  
 Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,  
 Parents and children mourned; and, every year,  
 ('Twas on the day of some old festival)  
 Met to give way to tears, and, once again,  
 Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by. (g)  
 At length an Arab climbed the battlements,  
 Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;  
 And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!  
 Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,  
 Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe (h)  
 Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy  
 Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,  
 And the clear air is soft and delicate;  
 For then the demon works—then with that air  
 The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison  
 Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are these still standing in the midst?  
 The Earth has rocked beneath; the Thunder-stone  
 Passed through and through, and left its traces there;  
 Yet still they stand as by some Unknown Charter!  
 Oh! they are Nature's own! and, as allied  
 To the vast Mountains and the eternal Sea,  
 They want no written history; theirs a voice  
 For ever speaking to the heart of man!

(a) The temples of Pæstum are three in number; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

(b) Spartacus. See Plutarch in the Life of Crassus.

(c) The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

(d) The introduction to his treatise on Glory, Cic. ad Att. xvi. 6. For an account of the loss of that treatise, see Petarch, Epist. Rer. Senium, xv. 1. and Bayle, Dict. in Alcyonius.

(e) They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

(f) Originally a Greek city under that name, and afterwards a Roman city under the name of Pæstum. See Mitford's Hist. of Greece, chap. x. sect. 2. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

(g) Athenæus, xiv.

(h) The Mal'aria.

## MARRIAGE.

July 27. At Barrackpore, by Special License, at the house of Captain McLeod, of Engineers, by the Reverend Mr. Hawtayne, George James Morris, Esq. of the Civil Service, to Miss Caroline Craufurd.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letters of "An Indigo Planter," and of "One of the True Blue Fraternity" have been received, and will appear.

The Letter of "Justitia," on the evils of the Marine Registry Office System, has been also received; but as the Committee have already taken measures for a reform of the Establishment or its total abolition, the Letter of Justitia will be unnecessary.

The "Lines from the Turkish," will appear to-morrow.

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